C. DISQUÉ NACHF. (E. KAPP)
BUCHBINDEREI & PAPIERHANDLUNG
TÜBINGEN

BRIEF MEMORIAL

OF THE LATE

MAJOR W. H. BOSWELL,

27TH REGIMENT M. N. I.

BY THE

REV. H. MOEGLING.

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Any profits realized by the sale of this Memoir, will be devoted to the Coorg Mission.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages were most kindly drawn up by the Rev. H. Moegling, of the Coorg Mission, and were, originally, only intended for the eyes of the beloved relatives of our dear brother, Major W. H. Boswell, who fell asleep in Jesus, on the 7th June 1857, on his march in command of a Wing of the 27th Regiment M. N. I., from Mercara to Vellore.

They are submitted to the Press, with the belief, that they may prove interesting to many who knew him while on earth, and with the hope, that the example of his consistent walk in life, may stir up some among us, to follow him, even as he followed Christ.

J. A. C. B.

MEMORIAL.

William Henry Boswell was the fourth son of the late Alexander Boswell, Esq., many years Deputy Sheriff of Berwickshire. He came out as a Cadet to India in 1833.

Dr. H. Gundert who accompained Mr. Norris Groves to India in 1836, and settled at Chittoor in 1837, was the first among us, who had a sight of dear Boswell, as early as the commencement of the year 1838. He noted at that time in his journal, that Mr. Boswell and a friend of his, passed Chittoor on their way to join their Regiment at Russelconda, and called on the Missionary party. He called him then, "a happy young Christian." Dear Boswell appears to have had the invaluable advantage, of being brought up by a loving mother, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to have had the fear of God in his heart from a child. His brother officers have no other recollection of him than of the pious, steady, strict Boswell, and they would often say of him during the latter years, that he had held a most even course, without any change

(perceptible to them,) from his first joining the Regiment. All without exception respected him most highly. Even of those who heartily disliked his principles, none durst utter an evil word of Boswell. Religiously attentive to his duty, regular to a proverb in his whole conduct, courteous to high and low, kind to the Sepoys, and anxious for their comfort, never in debt, always open-handed, mindful of the interest and convenience of others rather than his own, he has lived for twenty-four years, a bright example of true religion, and a witness of the sanctifying influences of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to his Brother officers, and to the Regiment at large.

For a number of years he was employed under the Public Work Department in Tinnevelly. In 1851, he joined his Regiment, which was then stationed at Mangalore, as his health had begun to suffer from exposure to the sun. Then I had the privilege of making his acquaintance. He attended our weekly meetings at the Mission House, and afterwards at the house of dear Dr. Fowlis. But in 1852 he was without solicitation on his part, requested to take charge of the public buildings at Cannanore. He went. We regretted his loss much. He appeared to exert a salutary influence on several officers of the Regiment. However, our loss was the gain of our brethren at Cannanore, and of dear Boswell himself; for during his residence there, an observable change in his character, a progress from grace to grace, from love to love, from light to light, took place in him, a change, for which he ever

felt a lively gratitude, towards his good Lord and towards the Brethren, especially the Rev. S. Hebich, whose ministry he greatly prized.

Dr. Gundert writes in a memorandum on dear Boswell's sojourn at Cannanore. "On the 20th Oc-
"tober 1852, Major Y—— brought B. to Cherikal
"to pay me his first visit. On the road to Che-
"rikal, Y—— told him, that the Brethren, living in
"Christian fellowship at Cannanore, went to no
"parties and refrained altogether from joining in
"the ways of general society. Boswell said, he saw
"nothing wrong in going to a dinner-party, or join-
"ing now and then a company at one of the Mess-
"es. This principle of strict separation from so-
"ciety, not professedly religious, was something new
"to him. However after reflection, he declared that
"he would rather join the Brethren, and accommo-
"date himself to their principles and habits, than
"stay aloof. When he found that the Brethren had
"given up the use of wine and beer, he accommo-
"dated himself also in this respect, not from the
"consideration that it was a Christian duty to ab-
"stain, but from love to the Brethren, which mov-
"ed him thus to use his Christian liberty. He
"had always been most temperate, therefore the re-
"solution to conform to the habits of the Bre-
"thren, was in itself perfectly easy to him. He
"was greatly loved by all the Brethren and felt
"perfectly at home among them, although he dif-
"fered from them all in spiritual experience, having
"never passed through those distressing struggles,
"by which they are tried, who have for a longer

" or shorter season walked in darkness and lived in
" the world without God, and without hope. He valued
" Brother Hebich's style of preaching very much, and
" profited greatly by humble and earnest attention.
" But for some time he entertained considerable doubts
" as to Br. Hebich's manner of treating the
" Law. Being himself in some sense still under the
" Law, inasmuch as the secret of the Gospel,
" that Jesus Christ has abolished sin by His death,
" and that now God is just in justifying the sin-
" ner who believeth in Jesus, had not yet been
" fully revealed to him; he could not fall in with
" the unreserved proclamation of the free grace of
" God in Christ, and with the strong declarations,
" that the works of the Law have nothing what-
" ever to do, with the work of our Salvation, which
" was all Christ's own. On one or two occasions the
" dispute between dear Boswell and dear Hebich,
" ran rather high, the disagreement however did not
" last long. In March 1853 B. was made the as-
" tonished and delighted eye witness, so to say, of
" the sudden conversion of four persons connected
" with the 39th Regiment M. N. I. then stationed
" at Cannanore. From this time, he gave himself
" heart and soul to our fellowship. When the Mission
" premises were burnt, B. assisted during the con-
" flagration and afterwards in the rebuilding of
" the houses, the drawing up of plans, and the pur-
" chase of some adjoining pieces of ground, as if
" he had been one of the Missionaries. He visited
" the outstations of Taliparamhu, Anjercaudy, and
" others from time to time, joining zealously in all

" our labors, trials, hopes, and fears; he was ever
" strong in faith, and often quite cheerful in hope,
" when we were decidedly cast down.

" He gloried and delighted in serving others, espe-
" cially Brethren. In January 1855 when Mr. Sande-
" man was brought into the station, prostrated by a
" deadly jungle fever, Boswell took him into his
" house, and nursed him until his departure, (which
" took place on the 29th January,) with the tender-
" ness of a brother, yea, rather of a mother or sister.
" During the following months of 1855 he used to
" pass his evenings almost regularly with the dear
" Brethren Y —— and Foulis. When dear Foulis was
" on his death-bed, Boswell spent much time with him
" in prayer, and edifying converse. He saw him de-
" part full of hope and joy and stood by his grave
" on the 11th of April. On the 10th of June the
" news of the sudden removal of Br. Weigle at
" Mangalore reached us. It filled us all with sorrow
" but B. especially was deeply effected." Weigle
died on the 7th of June. This day two years
later was the last also of Boswell's earthly pilgrim-
age. " On the 18th of June dear Boswell paid me
" the last visit at Cherikal," continues Dr. Gundert.
" We prayed together and parted. His heart was
" deeply moved. In the afternoon he set out for
" Coorg, passing by the outstation of Choova and
" blessing it, and the other Mission posts as he
" passed on.

" While residing at Cannanore, he was ever intent
" upon carrying his acquaintances to dear Br. He-

" bich's Chapel and house. Thus he served lovingly
" and zealously though with unequal effect Lieut.
" P—— and Major P—— of his own Regiment, and
" Mr. H. F—— of Tellicherry. The latter used to
" be dear B.'s guest, when he visited Cannanore, for
" the sake of attending Hebich's ministry, or the
" Lord's Supper at his Chapel. My children were
" very fond of him ; they felt he was full of love,
" besides he rarely came to our house without carry-
" ing something in his pocket for them."

Most loving was he in his letters, and most earnest in endeavouring to lead those whom he loved to " come to Jesus." The following is an extract from a letter of his, to a relative who had just arrived in this country, written about this time. " I am
" very unfit, dear —— ' he writes' to give you any
" advice, * * * * but there is one thing I
" can tell you, which I am quite sure of, that your
" happiness and usefulness in the highest sense de-
" pends on your making the friendship of the
" Lord Jesus Christ, and ranking yourself among
" his followers. In Him the father has treasured up
" for us, all that we stand in need of, pardon
" and peace, grace and strength, righteousness and
" holiness, light and life, and to receive all these
" we must come to Him, and on the one hand
" accept Him, as offered to us in the Gospel,
" and on the other give ourselves up to His service.
" When we come to see our real state before God,
" we learn to value this precious Saviour. We are
" *guilty sinners,* and as long as we are unconverted,

" without a saving union to Christ, we are under con-
" demnation, and the wrath of God abideth on us. It
" is when we are brought by the Holy Spirit to rea-
" lize this, that we flee to Jesus as the refuge of our
" souls. And when we once experience redemption
" through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins, we
" cannot but love Him, and desire with all our hearts
" to obey and follow Him. Let me entreat you
" dear ——— to make the inquiry (the most im-
" portant of all inquiries, for it concerns our *eternal*
" condition after the few days of this life are gone)
" whether you have yet made such an acquaintance
" with your own heart, and with Him who has been
" anointed of God to give us repentance and re-
" mission of sins, whether you have undergone what
" God's word describes so literally as being born
" again of the Spirit, made a new creature in Christ
" Jesus, with all old things passed away, and all
" things become new, translated from darkness to
" light, and from the kingdom of Satan into the
" kingdom of God's dear Son, passed from death
" unto life. If we have not yet received this
" mercy of the Lord, we have only to go to Him
" with *childlike* hearts, and under the *burden* of our
" *sins*, and call upon His name, and He will as-
" suredly work this blessed work in us. 'A new
" ' heart will I give you, and a right spirit will I
" ' put within you.' He will reveal the Lord Jesus
" in our hearts and change us into His image.
" Rest not dear ——— in prayer and in incessantly
" searching the book of God's own *truth* till you
" come to a decided certainty on this matter. You

" will find an Evangelical Ministry and the society
" of true believers in Jesus very helpful to you.

* * * * * * * * * *

" I should like to hear dearest fellow, how you
" feel in regard to this *subject of subjects* for I
" love you not a little, and that is the reason, I
" have ventured to speak so plainly about it."

" The last time I saw B. continues Dr. Gundert " was in December 1856, when I paid him
" a visit from Mangalore where I was then sta-
" tioned. I found him overflowing with tender af-
" fection and much grown in spiritual life. He said
" he had much too long contented himself with
" Christian doctrine, and the study of Scriptural truths,
" instead of cultivating personal communion with the
" Saviour Himself. '*To have* HIM, *to live* WITH HIM,
" '*to be* IN HIM, is the one thing needful'—he
" said. On Sundays he used to hold Divine Ser-
" vice in his house, which was attended by a few
" East Indian Drummers, and by the other officer
" of the Detachment, latterly Mr. F—— formerly Mr.
" Macdonald who died a few days later than Major
" Boswell, after the arrival of the 27th Regiment
" at Bangalore. He was accustomed to read the
" English liturgy, but sometimes doubted if he ought
" not rather to pray *extempore*. His modesty pre-
" vented him from venturing thus far. He told
" me, that he should like very much to pay us a
" visit at Mangalore, but did not feel at liberty to
" leave his station and absent himself from his De-
" tachment for a night. When I mentioned this to

" the Brigadier, during his stay at Mangalore, he " said, ' Let Boswell come by all means ; I give " him leave.' Still Boswell thought he ought not " to make use of the Brigadier's kind offer, with- " out necessity. Thus I saw him no more." Here Dr. Gundert's fragment of reminiscences terminates.

The writer of these pages will now add his own account, of one of his dearest Christian brethren, but is fully sensible of the difficulty, of giving a sufficiently exact and lively delineation of the character, manner, and appearance, of a dearly loved son and brother, to relatives who have, down to the last post before his departure, kept up an uninterrupted and unreserved correspondence with our beloved friend. Judging from my own experience of him, I suppose indeed, he has opened his mind, and poured forth his feelings more freely in letters directed to his nearest and dearest relatives, than in conversation with us here. Still the friend of a loved departed, will find a welcome in the house of mourning, and we never tire of listening to the tale, of such as have shared in our affection for our lost ones, and in the love of those who have gone to their rest before us.

When I learnt that Captain Boswell was to return to his Regiment, then at Mercara, I rejoiced very much. I had not met him often while at Mangalore formerly ; nor had I had much intercourse with him, on my short visits to Cannanore. But Dr. Gundert spoke so highly and gave so pleasing accounts of him, from time to time in his letters,

that I could not but look forward with much joy to an intercourse, that would I then calculated be continued for several years, with so lovely a Christian character. Besides from the first sight I had of him at Mangalore in 1851, I had felt a strong affection for him. His bright face radiating with the light of truth and grace, was fresh in my memory, whenever I was reminded of him, and he appeared to have taken a lively interest, from the beginning, in the Mission among the Coorgs, to which Providence had called me. Bright as were my anticipations, they were far surpassed by the reality. I can truly say I have found him wanting in nothing, during the whole time of our more familiar intercourse since 1855. On his way from Cannanore to Mercara, he stayed at Almanda, to spend a day with Stephanas, the first Coorg Christian, whom he had previously seen at Cannanore. I was then at Mercara, occupying a room in the house which he had purchased from a Christian brother, an officer in the 4th Regiment M. N. I.

With reference to his departure from Cannanore and visit to Almanda, he thus wrote in a letter dated 11th July, 1855. " It was a trial to me " leaving Cannanore, for I had some Christian friends " there, to whom I felt much attached, and the mi- " nistry of the German Missionaries was also a great " privilege. The Military Board wished to keep me " on there, and applied to Government accordingly, " but as far as I understand the matter, the Com- " mander-in-Chief must have been opposed to this,

" on the ground of too many officers being absent
" from the Regiment, and so I was sent back to
" Regimental duty. However, I do not look to
" second causes, I believe that my Heavenly Father
" has ordered my ways, and I know that He does
" all things well for me. It is often the very things
" that are not very pleasant to us, which lead us
" to delight the more in the Lord Jesus, as our
" portion, and to go and draw from the fulness of
" grace that is in Him. I took farewell of Can-
" nanore on the 18th ultimo and by running out
" in a Muncheel the first 45 miles, managed to
" reach this on the 21st. Although the monsoon
" which is something tremendous on this coast, be-
" gan on the 3rd June, I was very little uncom-
" moded by rain on the road. I spent a day at Al-
" manda—18 miles from this where the Rev. Mr.
" Moegling has his Mission in Coorg. * * * Mr.
" M. was at Mangalore when I passed through
" Almanda, but I had the pleasure of seeing all the
" converts, very few as yet (only two men, three
" women and two children,) but they looked as if
" the blessed Gospel had indeed had its sanctify-
" ing and cheering effects on them. I was only
" able to communicate a little with the senior con-
" vert Stephanas, in Hindustanee. It was very de-
" lightful in such a land of darkness to hear one
" of its people expressing his clear and firm faith
" in Christ Jesus. All men said he ' suppose that
" ' they can do some righteousness, but they cannot
" ' for they are sinners—there is only One righteous

" 'and we can only be saved by laying hold of Him
" 'by faith.' When the Spirit of God thus reveals
" Christ in the heart man truly becomes a new
" creature. I enjoyed also hearing them at their
" worship in the evening singing the *Portuguese Hymn.*
" The words being Canarese, of course I could not
" understand or join with them."

The Almanda family long remembered the kind good gentleman who had spent a day with them, and especially Stephanas, received deep impressions of Christian faith and love from the conversation, which dear Captain B. held with him that day. On his arrival here, he found me in deep sorrow, on account of the death of my Brother Weigle. He sympathized most heartily, and after a time, when I resolved on writing a Memoir of the departed, he so fully entered into the sad, yet sweet occupation, that towards the end of the short narrative he almost composed with me. Indeed some passages are as much his as mine.

With equally affectionate sympathy he entered upon a plan, which I discussed with him during some dark rainy days in July 1855, and which was soon afterwards submitted to the Government, of creating a Library of useful knowledge in the Canarese language, (by preparing compilations from or translations of standard English and German works of popular information, by purified editions of the best works extant in Canarese, and by the composition of a number of original works for the same purpose. Dear Boswell would revise my rough copies, sug-

gest changes, copy important papers, and keep the whole subject before the Lord, in common and private prayer.

He was ever yearning for the souls of those he loved or knew. In a letter dated 24th August 1855, he thus wrote to one, who was beginning to inquire after the Lord. "Your letter of the 16th of last "month, was one of the greatest enjoyments I have "had for a long time, and I cannot think how "I have been so long in telling you so. What "has particularly brought joy to my heart, is seeing, "that you are making the salvation which is treasur-"ed up for us in Christ Jesus, the subject of "your earnest inquiry and pursuit, and that you "are getting, as I believe, through God's grace, "the true sight of yourself, as all sin and helpless-"ness, and of the blessed *Jesus*, as our only righteous-"ness and life. Paul's one desire after he came "to see himself the chief of sinners, and that in "him dwelt no good thing, was to know Christ, "and the power of His resurrection, and fellowship of "His sufferings, being made conformable to His "death, and this with us too, is the one thing "worthy to be sought after. I think dear —— from "your beginning to feel the full value of such a "Saviour, as bringing salvation to the *sinner*—you "are coming to this true knowledge of Christ, and "I rejoice and praise the Lord on your behalf, "for it is *He* who shines into our hearts with the "light of His glorious Gospel. It is grace that "has wrought out for us a perfect redemption, and "it is grace that enables us to receive Jesus, as

" freely offered to us, and after we are thus
" brought into the family of God, it is grace
" still that leads us, and keeps us, and at last
" takes us to be for ever with the Lord. John
" Newton's heart, you remember, was very full of
" this, when he cried, 'Ah! to grace, how great
" 'a debtor.' But Paul not only speaks of being
" partaker of Christ's resurrection, so that there is
" a new life of peace, and holiness, and joy, but
" also of His *sufferings*, and *death*, and so we will
" find it. Not only does the full merit of these become
" ours, when we believe in His precious Name,
" but we have *fellowship* with, and become *conform-*
" *able* to them. Our old man is crucified with
" Him, and the *world* too becomes *crucified* to us,
" and we to the world. We die to ourselves, to
" our self-righteousness, self-seeking pleasures, and
" indulgences, and to the world, giving up its
" ways and its notions, knowing that the friendship
" of the world is enmity with God. In becoming
" Christ's followers, we enter on this warfare, and it
" is any thing but a pleasant one, to *flesh and*
" *blood*, but then the *spirit* being made alive in
" Christ Jesus, like Paul, desires, and delights in
" it; we willingly die daily, that the power of Christ
" may rest upon us. Yes, it is this, that enables
" us to keep up the contest, and gives us a sure
" victory. It is because He, who has bought us
" with His own precious blood, *lives in us*. And
" this is a *good fight*, not in any legal spirit, as if
" we were to merit or work out, in however small
" a degree, our salvation by it, but on the con-

" trary, just because Jesus *has already saved us*, our " grand constraining motive is LOVE to Him, who " first loved us, and we desire in heart and life " to be wholly His, and to be dead indeed unto " sin, and alive unto righteousness. May grace from " God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, " abound towards you more and more, my " dear ————. Fear not to look into the " very depths of your own sinful, and deceit- " ful heart, for the blood of Jesus cleanses " from all sin, and we must bring *all* to Him, in " order to have *all* pardoned and renewed. I was " truly glad to hear you had taken a class in " Mr. A——'s Sunday School. I believe we never " grow so much in the faith and love of Christ, " as when we are telling others of the riches of " His grace. It first leads us to meditate upon " Him, so that we see more of His excellency, and " wonderful ways, to the lost children of men, and " then every word of Him we utter, comes back " into our own souls, as the bread and water of " life."

An English School had been established in connection with the Mission. It aimed at the direction of the education of the youth of the principal families in the small principality. The Bible was a class book among the youths a little advanced. I used to attend the School for an hour or two, whenever I was at Mercara, but I had often to be absent, as my first Mission station lay at a distance of about 16 miles. Dear Boswell, as soon

as I mentioned the matter to him, most cheerfully agreed to give a daily Bible lesson to the first class, whenever I was absent, and fulfilled his task most faithfully. Many of his loving invitations and gentle reproofs, are still treasured up in the memories of his former pupils. One of them was with the Regiment on the march to Vellore. His name was Muttuswami. When he heard on the march from Coonghul, that Major Boswell had been seized with Cholera, he went to call on him, as soon as the patient had been brought into the sick-tent; Major Boswell immediately recognized him, and said "Mut-
"tuswami, I am glad to see you. I am sick now,
"but I am happy. Were you happy the other
"day, when fever laid you low?" Muttuswami, according to a letter of his, from which this incident is taken, could not reply in the affirmative. "To this question I could give no answer," he writes to his friend, a monitor in the English School, "and therefore kept my tongue, whereupon the Major said to me, 'But you see I am happy now, perfectly happy.'"

In the affairs not only of the school, but of the whole Mission, he took his full share of my joys and sorrows. His house was my home whenever I stayed at Mercara. At our morning and evening prayers, and on our walks during twilight, on the ramparts of the Fort, we spent many a blessed hour together. On all subjects we conversed with the utmost freedom, yet, though we were far from thinking alike on all matters of doctrine or practice,

we were never drawn into what might be called a disputation. This was natural enough, for our mutual esteem was very great. Often remembered I the precept of Paul, (Phil. ii. 3) "Let each esteem other better than themselves," and rejoiced in the happy fulfilment it had with us. As for me, I could not help respecting him highly, whom I found very superior in many gifts and exercises of grace, and his great love magnified what he saw good in me, and rendered him blind to my defects.

He rejoiced with a joy full of faith and hope, when he received the first account of a great company of Holeyas having asked for admission into fellowship with our little church at Beppunadu. He heartily approved of the plan to form a distinct settlement, a Christian village of the new converts, at a distance of nine miles from the original Mission station, on waste lands obtainable from Government, on easy terms; and on his promotion to his Majority, which took place about that time, made me a present of the Bungalow at Mercara, (which two or three years ago, he had purchased for one thousand Rupees,) in order to relieve my mind of all care regarding the expenditure, which he expected would be necessary on behalf of the settlement. His letter on this occasion was quite characteristic. He said that he had long had the thought of giving his house to the Mission, and explained the delay which had taken place in the execution of his design, as if he had to excuse himself! My first thought was rather, that dear Boswell had been

inconsiderately liberal, for I knew that, in spite of his strict economy, (which prevented him, to name an instance, from replacing his old unsafe horse, by a good charger, which must have cost a considerable sum,) he could not have laid up money. Indeed, he appeared intent upon saving, with the sole view of giving away all he could spare. But on second thoughts I said to my wife; "after all, Boswell is right, he knows that he is richer than the Governor of Madras."

The love of Christ filled his heart, and caused it to overflow in love to the Brethren, and to all men. Few officers can have been more faithful and sympathising in attending to the concerns of the Sepoys, under their own charge, none more kind and courteous to them, than dear Boswell; while at the same time he spoke to them the truth, as a good witness of Christ, in word and deed. The great exertions made by him, regardless of his own comfort or health, on the fatiguing march of his wing from Mercara, through the north of Coorg, to the high road leading to Bangalore, with the monsoon close upon him, had no doubt contributed to reduce his strength below the power of resisting an attack of Cholera. Greatly too did the Sepoys love and respect him in return. When the Regiment was subsequently sent on Service to Bengal, on one occasion in Calcutta, a brother of B.'s spoke of him to one of the men. The poor fellow happened to have been Major Boswell's orderly. He was greatly affect-

ed, and replied with the deepest feeling, clasping his hands together in an agony of grief.

To serve Christian brethren was a passion with him. His face beamed with delight at the very sight of a brother, coming to be a guest, and soon every thing would be arranged, as if the guest were master of the house, and he the person charged with taking care of his comfort. His conversation like his heart was continually devoted to the one great object of life. To speak of Christ, His word, His kingdom, the cause of Missions, and kindred subjects, was his delight. If it ever happened, which was not often the case, that he had spent time in conversation with friends, acquaintances, or even strangers, without touching upon the one thing needful, he was distressed and complained of himself. His first question about persons whose names were mentioned to him, was, if they were converted or not. If he heard they were, he rejoiced. If not, he felt anxious and sad. The first symptoms of a change of heart in those whom he knew, set his heart on fire with joy, and loving interest.

Such utter absence of selfishness, I have not seen in any man alive. When we learned that Major B. was under orders to come to Mercara, and to stay a while in command of the Wing of the 27th Regiment, before marching to Head Quarters at Vellore, I wrote and asked him to come to his own house, which we could vacate for a time without inconvenience. My family would live

at Almanda, and I lodge with him two or three days every week, thus enjoying his company once more to the full. He declined the offer in his own manner, writing from the line of march on the 11th April, "I am now likely to be at Mer-
"cara a week or two at least, perhaps even to the
"end of the monsoon, although on account of my
"men, who would be without proper shelter, I hope
"not. It will be a great pleasure to me before
"moving away eastward, to have a little more fel-
"lowship with you, in Him, who is our life. What
"a privilege to have Him to turn to at all times,
"even when we have not the society of His dear
"people! And what a bright glow the Sun of
"Righteousness casts over all our circumstances
"here below, sorrowful yet always rejoicing, ever
"changing our locality, but abiding for ever in
"Him, who is the unchanging One. I shall en-
"joy hearing how the Lord's work is progress-
"ing among your Holeyas, and also to see the
"English School again, under Mr. Richter, with its
"addition now of Coorgs. We shall all be in
"tents, and I shall live in mine, just as the others,
"so you will find me in the fashion of Abraham's
"days."

On the 14th of April I went to meet dear B. at a bungalow, five miles from Mercara, where I knew he was to halt. We rejoiced together, looking forward to a happy season of brotherly communion. I could stay but a few minutes, because I had left my wife in hourly expectation of her confinement, but he accompanied me half-way, though he had

had a tedious day's march and the night was dark. Next day he welcomed the little stranger who had arrived immediately after my return, and rejoiced with us. He was also present at his baptism two days afterwards, and joined in our special supplications in behalf of the new born Missionary.

Within a fortnight we were afflicted with Cholera, which had been brought to Mercara, it was supposed, by the 52d Regiment, newly arrived from Hydrabad. Four persons belonging to our Mission circle, three young men who had come from Mangalore with Br. Kaundinya, and Thomas Biddenda, the second of the Coorg converts, were attacked. Only one of them survived. During these days of trial, our dear Brother B. was with us whenever his duties permitted his absenting himself from camp. He would not only pay visits to the sick, but himself assist in lifting the patients, giving them medicine, rubbing their hands and feet, &c. I was several times on the point of remonstrating with him on his exposing himself to risk without necessity, but refrained when I saw his delight in the performance of services, which I felt myself inwardly ashamed for being conscious of doing only from a sense of duty. After the Cholera had left us, I was brought very low by an attack of fever. Dear Boswell was with us whenever he could, and insisted on watching with me one night, in spite of my protestations. He lay near me half asleep on the couch, and I had to take care during that hot fever night, not to stir unnecessarily, for he would instantly rouse himself, whenever he perceived that I moved.

I felt his presence, through the heat of fever, as a soothing power. He had the joy of leaving me in the morning evidently improving.

On the last Saturday of his sojourn at Mercara we met to partake together of the Lord's Supper for the last time. Our company was small, dear B., K. from Mangalore, R., my wife and myself. While expounding part of John xiv. and during the celebration of the supper, I felt a strong presentiment, that it was the last time we thus met on earth, but rather expected myself to depart first. After supper, I begged dear B. to engage in prayer and, against his wont, he complied and poured out his heart in humblest confession of sin, but also in joyful thanksgivings, and in words of deep yearning after the everlasting presence of the Lord. His heart seems to have longed the more earnestly after that eternal rest, which is with Him, the more the pressure of work, connected with the situation of a Commander conducting half an Indian Regiment, with its crowd of followers across the country in the most inclement season of the year, increased upon him. Most cheerfully he fulfilled all his duties, never complaining, never sighing, always looking forward in patient hopefulness which never owned, because it never felt, a disappointment.

A slight incident may serve to show his dexterity in turning things which to others would be vexatious, into sources of enjoyment to himself. Last year (in 1856) when in command of a detachment at Pootoor, (for which he had volunteered in order

to let Captain C——, a married man, stay at Head Quarters in the cooler climate of Mercara,) he received from Scotland a large overcoat, which he had ordered for his use while stationed in Coorg. When he tried it on, he found it much too large, but instead of being annoyed by the mistake that had occurred, he immediately conceived, that it might require but very little alteration to *fit me.* It was at once despatched by Post with a few lines expressive of the unexpected joy, afforded him by sending me a large overcoat, useless in the heat of the low country, but, he thought, very serviceable in the colder air of Coorg. The coat fitted me as if it had been made to order. When he observed this some months afterwards, he asked me if I had given it to the tailor, and on my replying "No, it "exactly fitted me," he exclaimed, quite delighted, "Excellent." Once or twice I think I caught him casting a most complacent side-look upon me, with a smile that said, "how glad I am that the tailor "sent a wrong coat, as if he foreknew it was not for "me." "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord," was the usual conclusion of his train of reflections. Shortly before his departure from Mercara in a conversation with Mr. R. he said, "I long so much to be away, to be at rest "with Christ, that I am not sure if I ought not "to check my feelings. As the Lord wants me to "be here and work, I ought not to wish so much "for home and for rest." He did not know then, what the Lord had in store for him within a few

weeks. It was hid from him, lest he should become impatient for the presence of Him who loved him with a love still greater than his own. It was just before his departure from Mercara that he thus wrote to one who honoured and loved him much. "The Lord, dear ——, who has in His mercy and "by grace, called us into His kingdom will guide "all our steps aright, and if we do not see each "other here again below, we shall soon meet in the "presence of God and of the Lamb."

Before entering on the account of our dear Brother's last day and moments (his illness lasted but nine hours, beginning about 6 A. M. It was finished about 3 P. M.) kindly furnished by Captain Garrard, a brother Officer, who respected his senior very highly, I cannot refrain from attempting a delineation of that image which will live in my heart till we meet again. "This is truly a child of light," said I often of dear B. to myself and sometimes to those most familiar to me. His naturally fair complexion, and open hazel eye, when he became animated in conversation, in reading the word of God, or in prayer, seemed actually to shine with a light from within or above. During his last stay at Mercara I once said to my wife, "dear Bos-"well's appearance makes upon me a delightful but "strange impression. You know I always said he "was full of light, but now he appears to be al-"most transparent." He was indeed then a chrysalis ready to burst open. I have seen him full of sor-

row and deeply grieved, but the tear in his eye was as a dew drop reflecting the light of that sun, to which his heart ever turned. Never have I seen in his countenance the mist of doubt or fear, the cloud of dissatisfaction, the darkness of worldly sorrow. His face was like the fair morning, he was as hopeful as a healthy child, ever joyful in unseen communion with Him, whom he loved. I have been much with him during the last two years, but never once heard I him say an unkind or harsh word, never once use an expression of anger or ill will. He appeared to me a perfect Christian, if I may give this name to one, who would have wept had he heard it applied to himself. He was not humble on principle, so to say—he did not strive to be humble. It had become natural with him, to think of himself lowest and last. As for money he seemed to have no other sense of it, but that it was a thing carefully to be handled, and carefully to be kept, in order to be spent as his love of relatives, of brethren, of all men prompted. His last hours were full of instances of habitual unselfishness. When he was seized with Cholera his chief regret was, that Captain Garrard, the second in command, should now have so much more work and trouble. Indeed he almost apologized to his friend for dying at so inconvenient a time, when his assistance seemed so much needed in a Cholera stricken camp. He resolutely refused to be laid in a Dooly (a light Palanquin) occupied by a sick sepoy who might have been carried on in a blan-

ket. As soon as he descried his former pupil of the English school, mentioned above, the youth's spiritual necessities made him forget his own bodily ailings. When later in the day native officers and other persons, connected with the Regiment came to visit him, and surrounded his dying couch, he prayed aloud in Tamil, commending himself joyfully to his Heavenly Father, and making supplication for the Regiment, for their deliverance from the fearful Epidemic, and for the salvation of their souls.

On Saturday the 6th June he despatched his home letters written from Bomanully, 64 miles from Bangalore. He wrote in his usual happy thankful spirit and was rejoicing in the thought of the next day being the Sabbath, when he intended reading one of Burder's Sermons to the Officers and Drummers. He had selected one on the text "They "that are whole need not a physician, but they that "are sick." On his arrival at Coonghul he had sent word to the Post Master of Bangalore, to forward to him his letters, especially the Europe letters which had come for him. His correspondence with his dearly loved mother and sisters and other relatives in Scotland was one of the sweetest and richest sources of his ever abounding joy. A cooly was immediately despatched from Bangalore with the parcel of letters, for which he longed, but when the man arrived at the camp, the eyes that had desired to read them were closed in death.

The following is a letter from Captain Garrard which describes our Brother's victory in death.

VELLORE, 27TH JUNE.

" MY DEAR MR. MOEGLING,

" I have had no time for writing, otherwise, know-
" ing your friendship for Boswell, I would long before
" this have given you a short account of the closing
" scene, which has rendered doubly melancholy our
" unfortunate march. Throughout all our difficulties
" between Fraserpett and Pullium, and they were
" not slight, Boswell exerted himself to the utmost.
" I am sure no man could have done more to
" bring us through, but no sooner had we over-
" come them and congratulated ourselves on being
" free from the rain and storms of your monsoon,
" than the first symptoms of Cholera appeared.
" The disease gradually increased and nearly every
" day Boswell was at the sick-tents, cheering and
" inquiring after the health of the poor patients.
" As is usually the case in a Cholera camp, we
" were all of us more or less unwell. Boswell did
" not escape, but a little medicine appeared in
" a great measure, to restore him, and whatever his
" feelings were, he always looked cheerful, and to
" inquiries would say he was 'pretty well.' Things
" continued thus till the march from Coonghul to
" Tippasamoodrum. As usual, when half our morn-
" ing march was accomplished, we halted to rest
" the men, and such of us as wished it, were served
" with coffee. Boswell with others took some, and

" shortly afterwards complained of an inclination to
" be sick; he requested me to take the men on
" saying he would sit down and rest a little. I did
" so, and Busteed remained with him. He tells me
" that shortly after I left, Boswell was sick; he soon
" exhibited the signs of Cholera; but unselfish, even in
" such an extremity, he would not allow a sick native
" to be turned out of a passing Dooly, in order that
" he might be carried in it; he declared he would
" walk to Camp, and did so for some distance, until
" the Doctor's bed coming up, he was placed on that
" and carried in. As he was being put to bed, he
" said on my approaching him, 'you see, Garrard I
" have got a touch of this.' Half an hour afterwards
" he sent for me. He said that perhaps it might please
" God to take him hence; he was sorry to part with
" me, and regretted much the trouble his death would
" occasion me, by the care of the Wing devolving on
" me. He begged me to write to his mother, and
" gave a few minor directions connected with his worldly
" affairs. These broken observations and instructions
" were frequently interspersed with expressions of firm
" faith in our Saviour, humble confessions of his own
" utter unworthiness, but steadfast belief of salvation
" through His blood and merits. He requested the
" Doctor, not to let the other officers come near him,
" as he fancied the disease was slightly infectious;
" his body was frequently racked by spasms, but he
" bore all with serene fortitude, no complaint passed
" his lips, but with his hands clasped, he continually
" prayed to God to terminate his sufferings and take

" him to Himself. I again left the sick-tent and after
" sometime was recalled by Busteed, who said that
" Boswell being still quite sensible, might wish to
" speak to me again. On being asked, he said he
" could not. He appeared as much as his pained
" body would allow, to be occupied in constant prayer.
" The spasms were very dreadful; we tried to lessen
" them with an electric chain, then with Chloroform
" applied externally. They produced little effect. He
" gradually became more and more exhausted, and the
" Doctor seeing this, advised me to go. I did so, and
" shortly afterwards Macdonald entered and said
" he was dead. I immediately went to the spot, I
" hardly know if his spirit had entirely flown. He
" lay quiet and calm, his hands still clasped in the
" attitude of prayer; but ere long no doubt remained,
" and with sincere sorrow we departed to prepare
" for the next scene—the funeral. A sheet formed
" his shroud, a rough deal box, hastily shaped, his
" coffin, and his lonely grave, marked by two slabs
" of stone, lies under the shade of a fine old tree,
" removed a short distance from the road, and be-
" tween it and the village. May he rest in peace.
" My dear Mr. Moegling, I have told the tale
" so sad to us, though not to him who has left this
" troublous world. May our departure be in as firm
" a faith as his. With kind regards to yourself and
" all my Mercara friends,

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

(Signed) F. T. GARRARD.

" P. S.—He was attacked at 6 A. M., and died
" at 3 P. M. Sunday, 7th June."

The account of his sudden departure scarcely took us by surprise, though he had left us in perfect health. We had felt, that he was ready for home. He had learnt his lesson, and the Lord had called him to Himself. We wept but gave thanks. Yea, His name be glorified who has glorified Himself, in our beloved Brother's life and death. Amen.

18. SEP. 1963
14. MRZ. 1979

A

BRIEF MEMORIAL

OF THE LATE

MAJOR W. H. BOSWELL,

27TH REGIMENT M. N. I.

BY THE

REV. H. MOEGLING.

Any profits realized by the sale of this Memoir, will be devoted to the Coorg Mission.

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